

# The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1882.

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DVORAK'S OPERA, *DIMITRIJ*.\*

A grand Czech opera, at the first performance of which in Prague I had an opportunity of being present, is exciting in no ordinary degree the interest of musical circles. The work in question is a four-act opera, *Dimitrij* (*Demetrius*) by Anton Dvorak, a composer of Prague, who broke through, a considerable time ago, the ban of national and local Czechish celebrity, and, with his orchestral and chamber music, his "Legends" and "Moravian Duets," has made himself a name respected in all Germany, and now, even in England. Of his dramatic efforts we were acquainted with only two small comic operas (*Der Bauer im Schelm*, and *Dickschädel*), from the fact of their having found a German translator and a German publisher; merry, unpretending pieces interspersed with music, in which healthy melodious talent is fortunate enough to get the upper hand of somewhat old-fashioned comedy subjects. In his new grand opera, *Dimitrij*, Dvorak has set himself a far higher task. The libretto, which treats of the story of the "false Demetrius," is by a young and talented lady, Mme Marie Cervinka, daughter of the well-known Czechish leader, Rieger, who, moreover, in an exhaustive preface, gives proof of her intimate acquaintance with Russian history. She appears to have been especially guided by a desire to be as historically correct as possible; she has hardly made any use of Schiller's fragment, and has availed herself only very sparingly of Heinrich Laube's theatrically effective continuation of it. Like myself, many may have expected Schiller's magnificent exposition, the Polish Diet, as an imposing introduction to the opera. It is true that, on account of the long but altogether indispensable narrative of Demetrius, this scene presents great difficulties in the way of musical treatment. On the other hand, the strongly marked contrasts, with the gradually increasing and stormy agitation among the masses, must excite the composer to a task calculated amply to repay his efforts. There might have been an exposition similar to that in Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, where also the hero, Vasco de Gama, explains and defends his cause before a large and excited tribunal. It was evidently for the sake of closer and more homogeneous action that the Czechish authoress made the opera commence in Moscow and kept to that locality until the last.

The people of Moscow, boyards, priests, and soldiers, who fill the square in front of the Kremlin, are lamenting the sudden death of the Czar, Boris Godunow, and their country's danger. The victorious Poles are before the city gates, and at their head is the pretender, Demetrius, who is put forward as the son, long supposed dead, of the Czar, Ivan. Despite the warning of the Boyard Schuisky, the people hasten joyfully to meet Demetrius, and determine to crown him forthwith, provided Marfa, the widowed Czarina, publicly recognizes him as her son, who has been supposed dead. She at first responds with coldness and repugnance to his heartfelt greeting, but, moved by the young man's noble and mild nature, and impelled by feelings of revenge towards the family of her persecutor, Boris Godunow, at last embraces Demetrius with the exclamation: "My son!" The people shout with joy, the gates, hitherto closed, of the holy Kremlin, are thrown open, and Demetrius, with Marfa, makes his solemn entry into it. The second act commences with a dialogue between Demetrius and his newly married wife, Marina, daughter of the Polish Prince Mnischek. Demetrius greets her affectionately, yet not without some gentle reproaches for the Polish manners and dress she had obstinately retained. From her haughty reply he perceives only too plainly that it is not love but only greed of power and ambition which have bound her to him. The noble Poles appear; Marina seizes a goblet and sings a song in praise of Poland, while a mazurka is danced in the hall. The discontent among the Russians grows louder and louder, but Demetrius at length allays the gathering storm. The scene now changes to a hall leading to the tomb of the Czars. Demetrius has just entered, when Xenia (Axinia) daughter of the deceased Boris, rushes affrightedly in, followed by a number of profligate Polish nobles. Demetrius drives out the intruders. Xenia thanks her unknown preserver, and the duet between them reveals the sudden bursting into life of mutual inclination. Hereupon Demetrius conceals himself behind a funeral monument on seeing his opponent Schuisky enter with the Conspirators. Schuisky exhorts his confederates to overthrow the Usurper, and is about

to swear at Ivan's tomb that Demetrius is not Ivan's son, when with the words: "Swear not!" Demetrius comes forward. The Conspirators, taken by surprise, beg for pardon, and Schuisky is bound and delivered over to justice. The third act plays in the Coronation Hall. Demetrius, with Marfa and Marina at his side, receives the Boyards, who assure him of their fidelity. Xenia rushes in, and begs that Schuisky, who is being conducted at the back of the stage to the scaffold, may be spared. Demetrius pardons him, and Xenia, recognizing in the Czar her preserver, whom she secretly loves, sinks fainting to the ground. A grand, passionately agitated duet between Demetrius and Marina concludes the act. Marina accuses her husband with having pardoned the traitor to please Xenia, and, when Demetrius refers to his divine right, hurls in his teeth the mocking words: "And do you think you are the Czar? You are Otrepnev, a serf!" She then reveals to him with passionately malignant satisfaction the secret hitherto kept from him, of his lowly origin. Demetrius begins to lose faith in his right, and declares that henceforward all bonds of love and gratitude between Marina and himself are severed for ever. Startled at the unexpected effect of her words, Marina is crushed, and vows that she had previously only simulated love for him, but that now, conquered by his manly courage, she loves him really. She is willing to sacrifice to him her faith and nationality. But it is all in vain—Demetrius contemptuously repels the suppliant. The fourth and last act plays in a courtyard with garden before Schuisky's house. Here Demetrius meets Xenia and confesses to her his love, which she returns, but immediately to bid him farewell for ever. Two murderers, hired by Marina, steal after her, and despatch her in the garden. Mortally wounded, she staggers in and dies on the stage. A scene of tumult ensues; Demetrius, surrounded by the people, hastens to the spot, and swears by Xenia's corpse to be revenged on the murderer, no matter who it may be. Schuisky hereupon brings forward Marina, veiled, from where she has been concealed; she is accused of having contrived the murder, and, without hesitation, acknowledges the fact. She sees her life is forfeited, and resolves that Demetrius, who has thrust her from him, shall also perish. She cries loudly to the people: "Your Czar is an imposter; he is an Otrepnev!" Demetrius asks for proofs. Once more must Marfa swear, and this time on the cross held up to her by the Patriarch, that Demetrius is her son. She at first vacillates, but, impelled by affection and compassion, at length resolves to take the false oath. She has already laid her hand on the cross, when Demetrius exclaims: "Swear not! I will not hold the throne by deceit!" Herewith he pronounces his own death-warrant: a bullet from Schuisky brings him to the ground.

As the reader will himself have seen from this meagre narrative, the opera of *Dimitrij* contains powerful dramatic situations. If we strip the story of its purely political and national surroundings, there remains an imperishable dramatic residuum which absolutely challenges theatrical treatment, and consequently only asks to be worked up into operatic shape by a composer whose speciality is rooted in natural and acquired familiarity with Slavonic music. In the execution of her task the highly accomplished authoress of the libretto has undoubtedly displayed talent and skill. This acknowledgment of her merit does not, however, exclude numerous objections to her libretto. In the first place, the continual psychological wavering of the three principal personages seems hazardous. We see Marfa in the first and the fourth act engaged in precisely the same conflict of feeling as to whether she shall or shall not acknowledge the hero of the piece as her son. From contempt and repugnance for Demetrius, Marina suddenly passes to ardent love and then again to deadly hate. There is no sufficient motive for the murder committed on Xenia, which produces a most hateful impression. In the opera, Marina knows nothing about Xenia, except that to please her Demetrius pardoned Schuisky. This may be enough for jealous emotion but certainly not for murder. If Marina had at least surprised the two in each other's arms, and, carried away by passionate jealousy, herself plunged a dagger—but no, not even a dagger would here be appropriate; it would have sufficed, had the revengeful Marina, on beholding the two, immediately summoned the people and publicly proclaimed the secret of the false Demetrius who had betrayed her. Xenia's murder, a revolting and unnecessary act, has this undesirable result: all our

\* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.



sympathy is directed to the beauteous and innocent victim, and the fall of Demetrius, which is really the tragic catastrophe, leaves us comparatively unmoved. As regards the hero himself, we cannot, it is true, conceive him without psychological vacillation, for the tragic element of the character consists in the fact that he is at first firmly convinced of his right and his high descent while his belief in them is subsequently shaken. In an opera, which cannot enter into dialectic niceties and does not possess so delicate a standard as spoken drama for weighing motives and counter-motives, these two opposite phases of feeling in Demetrius' soul ought to have been kept more sharply and more palpably distinct. Nor can we suppress many technical objections. In parts of the libretto where the story imperatively demands rapid progress, we find long reflections, dialogues, or monologues, which naturally seduce the composer into long pauses and disquisitions. By its very nature, music requires more time than spoken language. Such objectionable stoppage of the action impairs, for instance, the scene where Xenia is pursued into the tomb and Demetrius, instead of driving away the fellows at once, sings with them a considerable time, to let Xenia finish her prayers in the foreground. In each of the last three acts we meet with more or less fatiguing instances of over-length. The most objectionable example occurs immediately before the catastrophe: the Patriarch is holding up the cross to Marfa for her to swear on; everyone is awaiting in breathless suspense the decisive moment, when the Patriarch lowers the cross, as a marksman lowers the gun with which he is taking aim, and—an imposing vocal concerted piece is built up broadly and calmly before us; it is a valuable composition, but we have not the patience to enjoy it in the position it occupies. Another fact which strikes us as sinning against the due balance of the opera is that, while Demetrius has four duets, two with Marina and two with Xenia, there is not a single one for women alone. Considerations of this kind are often overlooked by the cleverest authors, when the latter are not yet thoroughly familiar with the requirements of the stage. The artistic modesty and penetration with which the fair librettist as well as the composer of *Dimitrij* are credited, are guarantees that both will readily consent to many additional cuts and alterations, which the vivid impression of the performance has probably convinced them are desirable.\* The work would thereby gain exceptionally in success and popularity.

Dvorak's *Dimitrij* is rich in beautiful and original music, the production of genuine and eminent talent. The composer eschews triviality as much as he does a erile subtlety; he does not avoid strong effects, and obtains them principally in the grand concerted pieces and choruses. Polish and Russian musical character prevails in the latter, and is in its proper place. The Slavonian element is the natural breath of the score, and not mere artificial inhalation. Yet we have no coquetting with national Slavonic music, which is not so predominant in this Czechish opera as Magyar music in Erkel's operas. With its vigorous, fresh appeals to the senses, Dvorak's opera sometimes reminds us of Italian music of the description of Verdi's *Aida*. Guiding-Motives, as they are called, are to be found in it as little as direct Wagnerian touches. We will mention only a few of the most effective numbers. Full of dash and sharply marked dramatic character are the choruses at the very beginning of the first act, and the imposing March is magnificent in colour. In the second act, the more prominent features are Dimitrij's dreamily soft cantilena, and, effectively contrasted with it, the mazurka-like dance of the Poles; lastly, in the scene of the tomb, we have the touching song sung by Xenia after her rescue. In the concerted piece following Schuisky's pardon, the third act reaches an imposing climax, after which the concluding duet between Marina and Dimitrij, which is far too long, falls, despite numerous beautiful details, somewhat flat. Dimitrij's duet with Xenia in the fourth act owes its effect to passages full of the tenderest charm, while the *finale* impresses us by its unusually beautiful sonorousness and grandiose structure. How far Dvorak's music, the dramatic power of which is convincingly manifested in the leading portions of the action, corresponds to the separate words and turns of the text, is something on which, owing to my

imperfect knowledge of the language, I am not competent to give an opinion, and, indeed, this account must be received merely as the record of my first impression, and not as criticism properly speaking.

The performance of the new opera in the temporary Czechish Theatre (a spacious wooden building before the Ross-Thor) was highly successful, especially on the part of the ladies; the orchestra, too, under the excellent direction of their conductor, Anger, exerted themselves to the utmost. The public exhibited exemplary attention; packed closely together, they reverently heard the long opera out to the last note, though the heat in the theatre (where a short time previously there had been a most numerous attended afternoon's performance) had increased to such a pitch as to be absolutely insupportable. That after every act they broke out into deafening applause and were never tired of calling for Herr Dvorak, pleased me extremely on his account, for he is as modest as he is talented. As regards the absolute value of his opera as a work of art, such a success in the Czechish Theatre signifies the same as the furor created by a national Hungarian opera in Pesth. What struck me as of more weight was the unanimously favourable opinion of numerous German musical amateurs, who at once took a liking to the opera, and foretold the most gratifying success for it at our great theatres.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

#### THE PARSIFAL PRELUDE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(From the "Daily News," Oct. 30.)

Last Saturday's concert brought forward for the first time here an instalment (a very small one) of Wagner's latest opera-drama, *Parsifal*, produced at Bayreuth in July last. The whole work is to be withheld for an indefinite period from the public otherwise than such visitors as will make the pilgrimage to Germany to hear its repetitions, which are to begin there next year. As the arbitrary and despotic, but capricious and vacillating, Richard Wagner made similar resolves with regard to his *Nibelungen* "opera-dramas," but afterwards consented to enlighten the ignorant English musical public by permitting their performance at Her Majesty's Theatre in May last—an event never to be forgotten by those who sat them out—possibly a similar concession may be made in the case of *Parsifal*. It is to be hoped, however, that this event may not be too hastily promoted. Such favours should not occur otherwise than at somewhat long intervals, or they may be undervalued by the many who are not yet prepared to repudiate all that has hitherto been considered as great and good in the music of the anti-Wagner periods. Following the precedent of most of his other stage works, Wagner has prefaced his *Parsifal* with a prelude instead of an overture. The latter term implies coherent thought and artistic form and structure, whereas the name of prelude has the vaguest possible signification, and allows of any capricious use of *Leit-motiven*, or themes used in the opera as labels to identify certain characters and incidents; their frequent recurrence in Wagner's dramatic music having the effect of a clumsy expedient to make clear what ought to be so without such labelling. The general mistiness of Wagner's style, and his intense affectation of metaphysical profundity, may perhaps justify these frequent aids to the uninitiated who expect the drama to tell its own story, and the music to produce corresponding emotions without the use, at every turn, of intrusive phrases which Wagner introduces with a result which becomes tiresome by reiteration. In the prelude to *Parsifal* (given on Saturday) we have several of these indicating themes. There are the sacramental theme, the theme of the Holy Grail, the theme of the Song of Faith, &c.—all tacked together in the most promiscuous manner, forming an unconnected whole that is sombre to the extreme of dullness, is devoid of any intrinsic musical interest, and owes its entire effect to the orchestral colouring; or (with some) to that profound metaphysical significance ostentatiously claimed by the composer and recognized by his devotees, but not yet apparent to the many cultivated musicians who are as yet outside that circle. The prelude has the negative merit—not possessed by the work to which it belongs—of being brief, and its introduction into Saturday's programme was quite justifiable as affording a specimen of the most recent product of Wagner's latest style.

H. J. L.

\* We have just heard that the opera has been performed a second and a third time in Prague with considerable cuts and even more brilliant success than on the first night.

No fewer than five theatres will shortly be pulled down in Naples: the Circo Nazionale, Varietà, Folie Drammatiche, Arena Napoletana, and the traditional San Carlino, which is 112 years old.

## FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 660.)

Later composers have drawn the three kinds still closer, and have woven the anthem element on a dramatic basis, using the narrative form to supply those parts of the story which were unadvisable or impossible in a dramatic form, whether with or without acting. By this means, some great effects have been obtained, which were not possible in the simple dramatic form.

Thus, in *Elijah*, most of the story is told in dramatic form by the words of the characters—Elijah, Obadiah, Ahab, the Widow, the Servant, the People of Israel, and the Prophets of Baal. At certain points, however, there is matter to be told which cannot be put into the mouths of any of the characters. Here the narrative form comes in, and most effectively. An example of this is the grand chorus, "Behold, God the Lord passed by." Elijah has been summoned by the angel to take his stand on the mountain, his face wrapped in his mantle, that he may not see the glory pass by. There is no human eye to see and describe it; it cannot be put into the mouths of a chorus of people who might even be at a distance to witness it. It must be told as from the mouth of the inspired writer of the book—a true narrative form.

Ex. 220.

*Allegro molto.*

Be - hold, God the Lord passed by, and a mighty wind

The movement is in a broad sonata form, with tonic, dominant, fantasia, and return to the key by a coda in the major. Each division corresponds to a section of the verbal idea—the mighty wind, the earthquake, the fire, and the still small voice. Other narrative pieces in *Elijah* are the recitative, "See now, he sleepeth beneath a juniper tree in the wilderness, and there the angels of the Lord encamp round about all them that fear Him"; the recitative, "Above Him stood the seraphim, and one cried to another"; and the chorus, "Then did Elijah, the prophet, break forth like a fire," &c., and its continuation, "And when the Lord would take him away to Heaven, lo! there came a fiery chariot, and he went by a whirlwind to Heaven."

In *Elijah*, besides the dramatic and the narrative portions, there are parts which are of the nature of anthem. Some belong to the characters and are, like the meditative portions of an opera, the expression of their feelings, and are, therefore, partly dramatic. Such is the chorus, "Help, Lord;" the duet, "Zion spreadeth her hands;" the song, "If with all your hearts," and many others. Others belong more closely to the anthem nature, and are, perhaps, more truly like the chorals in the Bach narrative oratorios—the words of the audience, or rather, the thoughts which the composer wishes to suggest to them as bearing upon the subject. Such is the chorus which follows the raising of the widow's son, and her expression of thankfulness and conviction that she has been blessed because she feared God. The composer amplifies the thought suggested by that point in the story, and so leads the thoughts of the audience to dwell upon the blessedness of those that fear God, by the chorus—

Ex. 230.

*Allegro moderato.*

Bless - ed are the men who

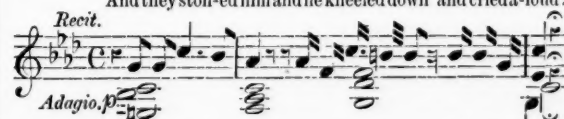
fear Him, &amp;c.

Another anthem occurs later in the oratorio, when the priests of Baal have called again and again to Baal and "there was neither voice nor any to answer"; and Elijah has come forward, called the people round, and made his prayer, "Lord God of Abraham . . . shew this people that Thou art God." At this point Elijah is there alone, he knows not of the seven thousand faithful still in Israel, and thinks there is not a man left who will join him in taking God's part. He has need of great faith to support him, and may it not well come into the minds of the audience then to think that a man should in such a position look to God for help? Therefore, the composer brings forward the quartet to sing "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He shall sustain thee: He is at thy right hand and will never suffer the righteous to fall." Other anthems in *Elijah* are the solo, "Hear ye, Israel," with the chorus immediately succeeding it, "Be not afraid"; the chorus, "He watching over Israel"; the chorus "He that shall endure to the end," and the whole of the epilogue succeeding the chorus of the going up of Elijah, including the song, "Then shall the righteous shine forth"; the recitative, "Behold God hath sent Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord"; the chorus, "But the Lord from the north hath raised one"; the quartet, "O come every one that thirsteth"; and the final chorus, "And then shall your light break forth," with its second movement, "Lord our Creator, how excellent Thy Name is."

It is not difficult to multiply situations in which an anthem could be introduced in such wise. Imagine the subject of the oratorio to be the life of a good man, who, in the course of his generally good life, has fallen into some great sin. The fall of a good man is something so sad and so terrible that we must give it as simple a relation as possible; let us, therefore, suppose it allotted to a narrative solo, such as the little recitative already named from *Elijah*, or the description in *St Paul* of the death of Stephen.

Ex. 231.

And they ston-ed him and he kneeled down and cried a-loud:



Recit.

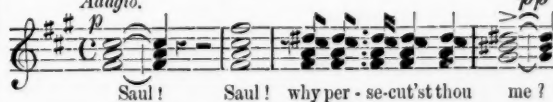
*Adagio, pp*

After this, what could be more appropriate and fit than that the audience should point the moral to themselves. They, perhaps, think themselves good in the main, but this good man has fallen, and why should they be secure? So let the chorus think for them, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," or, perhaps, as a prayer, "Remember not, O Lord, our offences, deliver us from the machinations of the evil one."

The solo narrator, or mediator, in the oratorio is the counterpart of the choragus of the ancient Greek plays. He was the leader of the chorus, and spoke sometimes by himself and not as an actor in the drama. The three-fold use of the chorus in the oratorio is also a counterpart of the Greek use. With the Greeks, the chorus might personify the people of the drama; and so in *Elijah* we have the cry of the people of Israel, "Help, Lord," and the cry of the priests of Baal, "Baal, hear us." With the Greeks, also, it might be used impersonally in two ways; the narrative, as in the chorus lately described, "Behold, God the Lord passed by," and the meditation that should be in the minds of the audience, as "Blessed are the men."

It is with the feeling of the impersonality of the numberless voices of a choir that Mendelssohn has allotted the call of St Paul by the Lord to the women's chorus.

Ex. 232.

*Adagio.*

Saul! Saul! why per-se-cut'st thou me?

With a true reverence Mendelssohn shrank from the association of an individual singer with the Divine Person; but he felt that the number of persons in the choir made individuality im-

possible. The application to this one chorus of the quality of tone obtained by the sole use of women's voices puts this also on a different level to that of all the other choruses.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

—o—

BALFE.

(From the "Morning Post.")

A tribute to the memory of an English musician has been solemnly paid at Westminster Abbey. The tablet bearing the honoured name of Michael Balfe, unveiled in presence of a numerous company of composers, professors, and others closely interested in the progress and well-being of music, will serve to remind future generations of a man who, in his day, maintained the credit of the native school, not only here, but in foreign countries. An industrious and active life that closed twelve years ago, and a career shaped and followed out with a reverential feeling for art, are entitled to remembrance by survivors. It is not enough that a man of genius should find his reward in popularity and competence, or even affluence, for the time being. Upon posterity devolves the duty of arranging that some memorial of his usefulness shall be erected; that his name shall be inscribed upon the glorious roll that tells of the enlightenment of a nation, and his worth find some record over and above that which his works supply. Recognition may be tardy, but it is a satisfaction to find it at last conceded; and few, even among those who profess no sympathy with music written for the stage, would be narrow-minded enough to deny that Balfe's name should be perpetuated in monumental marble on the Abbey walls. Poets, patriots, philosophers, warriors, men of science and letters, statesmen, and divines have their places there. In its aisles and cloisters lie illustrious musicians who have worked and died in London. Is it fit, therefore, that one whose natural and flowing melodies for years stirred the hearts of the people, and still live among them, should be kept in remembrance and admitted to the highest honour the nation can give to the dead. The act was as warrantable as it was gracefully undertaken; homage rendered where due; and no one present at the ceremony will view it otherwise than as an expression of regard, and a tribute of admiration for which ample justification can be found. The position of English musicians in their own country has, unhappily, never been so clearly defined and honourable as it should be. Composers have laboured and won distinction, but have not been recognized according to their deserts among the art-workers who help to make a country great. This is a reproach to us; and, although their claims have been more generously admitted of late years, much remains to be done ere we can emulate foreign nations in the respect awarded to musical men. As a people, we are not demonstrative. An illustrious composer abroad is more frequently honoured by "counterfeit presentment" set up in stone, imperishable marble, or bronze. In France, for example, Boieldieu has his statue erected in the city of his birth; but in England where do we find a monument to Henry Purcell, or, to come to later times, William Sterndale Bennett? To this last-named genius has been accorded the honour of burial in the Abbey, but that is all. We content ourselves with placing a tablet on the house in which this or that great man was born, and there ends all outward indication of respect for his memory. Had Michael Balfe lived long enough he would assuredly have been knighted—and no man better entitled to the compliment. A composer for the people, he had the faculty of appealing, irresistibly, to the popular ear; his gift of spontaneous melody enshrined him in the hearts of his countrymen; his music easy of comprehension, but never vulgar, was of that quality which compelled general acceptance. There was never a doubt as to his meaning; he did not set musical problems before his hearers, but wrote naturally and unaffectedly; his genius made itself readily understood, and came upon the world opportunely. Before Balfe's time, taste in English opera had become vitiated. The musical drama of our school was a patchy, disjointed thing. He brought his own individuality to bear upon it, and raised its character; he liberated it from the narrow grooves in which it was content to run, and gave it a dignity it had not previously achieved.\* We are speaking, of course, of English opera in its integrity, and not of adaptations, or of the "burletta," in which music was made to take a second place. Balfe was essentially a vocal writer. No one knew better than he of what the human voice is capable, or how to combine the different kinds more skillfully. An excellent singer himself, he understood the requirements of the artist, and to interest the vocalist, under certain conditions, is

a step towards interesting the public. Although chiefly prized as a melodist, Balfe, in his scores, invariably proved himself a master of musical resource, familiar with every device that could give to his thoughts the most agreeable expression.

The tone of thought in opera of the present day inclines more to the serious, or, as we should perhaps say, the profound, but Balfe could, when occasion required, write music, as Rossini said, "to satisfy the pedants." His name will be associated more with light than with grand opera, but one gift beyond that of fluent melody he possessed in an eminent degree. The dramatic quality was always present in his music. He invariably grasped the situation—whether by intuition, or from laborious consideration, is immaterial. The dramatic grip was there, and is nowhere more evident than in his most popular opera, *The Bohemian Girl*. An actor of no mean ability, he felt the value of the dramatic element. This perception is not given to every composer. Many a man can write good abstract music, but, wanting the dramatic instinct, that music cannot live. No composer of any nationality ever enjoyed greater popularity in his day than Balfe. From the night he produced the *Siege of Rochelle* at Drury Lane, in October, 1835, he took the London public by storm. In most of his operas there was some particular song that became quickly known through the length and breadth of the town. In the *Siege of Rochelle* it was "When I beheld the anchor weighed"; in the *Maid of Artois*, "The light of other days"; in the *Maid of Honour*, "In this old chair" (sung by Sims Reeves in his young days); and in *Satanella*, produced during the Pyne and Harrison management, "The power of love." *The Bohemian Girl* was full of these captivating melodies, and this opera stands almost alone as having been translated into Italian and French, under the titles of *La Zingara* and *La Bohémienne*.† The first version was done at Her Majesty's, where for a term of years, ending in 1852, Balfe had officiated as conductor, and the second was brought out at the Lyrique in 1869.

Another circumstance is worth mentioning in connexion with Balfe. He was the first Englishman since the time of Dr Arne commissioned to write an opera for Her Majesty's, one of the most conservative theatres in Europe. At this period no such innovations as "cheap nights" were known. The subscribers and the public would have taken fright at the idea of reduced prices, as profanity. Everything went on in a stately, conventional fashion, and it spoke volumes for the genius of Michael Balfe, that he should have been deemed worthy of writing for such an established old house in the Haymarket. The opera composed for Her Majesty's was *Falstaff*, and the score contains much charming music, now most undeservedly lost sight of. In Paris Rossini, the man who called Sir Henry Bishop the "English Mozart,"‡ and who seems to have been above the petty jealousies of some composers, was a firm friend of Balfe's. Here he wrote a delightful work, *Le Puits d'Amour*, and another, *Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon*, for the Opéra Comique.§ We have alluded to Balfe as an English composer. As a matter of fact, he was an Irishman. He studied under Rooke, the composer of *Amélie*. C. F. Horn, organist of St George's Chapel, Windsor, was one of his masters. Subsequently, Frederici, of the Milan Conservatorio, and Filippo Galli gave him lessons in counterpoint and singing. Balfe tried his hand at other forms of composition than opera. A trio of his was performed a few seasons ago at the Monday Popular Concerts,|| and only but now an example of his church music was given at Westminster Abbey. On such an occasion as the unveiling of a memorial to a gifted man it is worth recalling some of the principal events of his artistic life. No musician ever worked more conscientiously, more industriously, or with more enthusiasm than the genial and kindly-natured Michael Balfe.

NEW YORK.—Abbey's Park Theatre, in which Mrs Langtry was to have made her first appearance in this city on Monday night, was totally destroyed by fire, which broke out an hour or two before the house would have been opened for business.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Three young members of the professional staff at the School of Music have hit upon the notion of giving "International Folk's-Songs Concerts," in which a careful selection of the folk's melodies of the whole world will be performed. Thus the programmes will comprise folk's-songs of Mexico, Japan, China, Hindostan, Persia, Arabia, Armenia, Egypt, Roumania, Wallachia, Greece, &c. Altogether, 40 different nations will be thus songfully represented.

\* Then, of course, Edward Loder, with his *Nourjahad*, John Barnett, with his *Mountain Sylph*, and G. A. Macfarren, with his *Devil's Opera*, all preceding the advent of Balfe, and all produced at Mr Irving's now celebrated theatre, count for nothing.—Dr Blidge.

† German also, please.—Dr Blidge.  
‡ Rossini never did anything of the kind. He recognized Bishop as the composer of "When the wind blows."—Dr Blidge.

§ And the *Etoile de Serille*, please, for the Grand Opera.—Dr Blidge.

|| Besides a sonata for pianoforte and violoncello.



## ANCIENT WELSH MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—If there is one single and particular attribute of his race and country dearer to a Welshman than another it is, look you, that of antiquity. When I see in last Saturday's *Musical World* the extract from the *Globe* casting of a doubt, of a perplexity, and of a sneer at the age and the numbers of years of our mountains, our hills, and our song, then, look you, was my ire, my wrath, my rage and my indignations jump the pounds and the limits. Know and understand you, sir, the fact is sure as anything you can see in the world, that Snowdon preasted the siege of the Glacial period for millions of years, and a long time, whilst the valleys, and hills, and forests of England, look you, lay crushed under the conquering ice, like the fabled plackbirds paked beneath thick, hard, frozen paste? Snowdon had then much the same face, look you, as it is tomorrow. Put England's face, mark you now, has changed may be a thousand times, and perhaps a hundred! Snowdon, look you, is a fine old gentleman with a pedigree, indeet to gootness, and no upstart either. So of the peoples. The Celts, look you, was entertaining the Romans, studying his directions and disciplines when the Saxons, mark you, was a wandering, cruel savage. So of the languages. Did not Arthur and his round-tabled knights speak it before the Saxon's hissing, spitting tongue was heard in Britain? So of the song, the music, the melody, the harmony. Mr Prinley Richards, a goot man, pless him, is said our song is not older than mushroom England's. Very well. I shall like Mr Prinley Richards (as our old guests the Romans was said in their cups and their rages *Et tu Brute!*) I shall like him for to come North Wales and speak that our music is not ancient. I do think yesterday Mr Prinley Richards was goot Welshman, put to-morrow I think him not—not reasonably goot. This I will verify, look you, in his peard. If he shall look, look you, in the chronicles of that middle age Welshman, Geoffrey of Monmouth (what goot men is born at Monmouth!) shall he not find that "Codiad yr Hedydd" was sung to Arthur by the famous pard "Llefflydd"? and shall he not find that Modred did sing "Hob y deri Danno" in making love to Queen Guivere? It is goot for Mr Prinley Richards to go to Swansea, look you. Why the peoples of the south coast are put the floton and the jetsam east there by the huge, pig Saxon flood. What an ark, look you, our mountains, pless and preserve them, did puild and make for us!—Mr Editor your humble servant I am,

FLUELLEN.

Dolgelly, Nov. 1, 1882.

## THE ITALIAN OPERA QUESTION.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—Allow me to suggest that all your correspondents on this subject seem to have missed one very important point—viz., the close connection which exists, in all vocal compositions of a high class, between the character and accent of the language, and of the music which is set to it. As long as a composer is bent on really giving expression to the character of the words, and not merely on musical display apart from that character, the character and *ictus* of his musical phraseology will naturally arise out of those of the language he is setting, and much of its point must be lost when it is associated with a language entirely different in style and character from the original one. It may be true, for instance, that French is a very bad language for singing; but it is equally true that it is a language of very marked character and accent which impresses itself indelibly on the music composed to it. This is amply illustrated in the operas of Gluck and Meyerbeer, Germans by birth, who composed in French, and whose musical style is influenced throughout by the language. Let any one take the short chorus in Gluck's *Iphigenie*, "Il nous fallait du sang," and try to give the same fierce point to the musical phrases with any other words, and he will probably acknowledge how impossible it is to do so. An equally striking example is the pretty bridal chorus at the close of the third act of *Les Huguenots*, which is French to the backbone, and could have been inspired by no other language. Take, as an instance by a native French composer, Gounod's capital song for the character of Vulcan, which Mr Santley has popularized in our concert-rooms, with its scoffing "aside"—

"Venus n'a pas tort,  
Il mérite son sort."

Set words in any other language to it, and the point of the music will be completely lost. So with Gounod's finer and more serious song to Lamartine's words, "*Mon cœur lassé du tout*," which loses greatly in translation. The case is the same with music that is distinctly German in character. Sing the drinking-song from *Der*

*Freischütz* to Italian words and it falls comparatively flat; while such operas as *Euryanthe*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* are half ruined in effect by being given in Italian. Even in Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* the effect of the French language on the style of that very Italian composer is apparent. Mozart's operas, with the exception of *Die Zauberflöte*, lose less by translation into Italian than most other German operas, because he had imported into his rounded and polished style so much of the Italian musical element; but in general, if German operas are to be translated for us, they are much better translated into the cognate English language than into one so foreign to their genius as the Italian.

We have now, however, a number of vocalists of various nationalities before the public, most of whom have acquired, at least, one other language besides their own, and what we ought to aim at is the performance of all high class operas in the language in which they were originally written. In that way only can the expression and character intended by the composer be fully realized. The indiscriminate translation of all such works into Italian for English audiences is a mere stupidity of fashion.—Yours respectfully,

H. H. STATHAM.

## MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

The pieces at the Theatre since last I wrote have been *Le Jour et la Nuit*, *Madame Favart*, *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent*, &c., in all of which the acting and singing of Mdle Coralie Geoffroy have met with well-deserved approval. The spirit she throws into the character of Manola in the *Jour et la Nuit* is highly appreciated; particularly in the song

"Pour être Ministre de la Guerre  
Il ne faut pas être militaire."

In which she is well seconded by Mdle Desnoyers (Beatrix), who also ably supported her in the *chanson de la nuit*, "Le Rossignol," as well as in the unaccompanied trio (with the tenor, M. Fromant), which had to be repeated. As regards *Madame Favart*, and the *Mousquetaires au Couvent*, they were both well played, especially the first named, in which Mdle Geoffroy undertook the character of Simonne. *Le Parisien*, like *Le Poudre d'escampette*, and *Nos députés en robe de chambre*, died "natural deaths." *Un Lycée de jeunes filles* and *Le Pompon* are in rehearsal. So M. Berard not only gives his audiences good things of the past, but promises them for the future.

The Philharmonic Concerts are to begin again shortly, probably commencing with a *Concert Intime*. Reichardt (the indefatigable) has already had two rehearsals (but of what? *encore de mystère!!!*). Time will show.

The pretty kiosk in which the three weekly evening concerts took place in the garden of the *Etablissement des Bains* was completely wrecked last week by the wind, which blew a hurricane.

There is a grand talk about "farming" out the *Etablissement*, a scheme I have long ago advocated in the columns of the *Musical World*. Why not? Instead of being under the thumb of the Town Council, who know as much about music as a conductor's *bâton*, an "enterprising impresario" would probably make a success of it.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Nov. 1, 1882.

## FOR AYE.\*

The moon was shining brightly  
Far over hill and dale;  
The waves were dancing lightly,  
Yet look'd so bright and pale.

As I was gazing, dreaming,  
O'er earth, o'er sea, o'er sky,  
I heard a voice repeating  
"For weal, for woe, for aye."

\* Copyright.

'Twas at those silent hours  
When fairies work their charms;  
I look'd, and lo! two lovers  
Stood there with twined arms.

Their troth they just had plighted  
Till when they both should die;  
Love had their hearts united  
For weal, for woe, for aye.

EMILY JOSEPHS.

VIENNA.—In recognition of her having so frequently devoted her talent to performances and concerts for charitable purposes, the Emperor of Austria has conferred on Pauline Luca the "Gold Cross of Merit with the Crown." The only other lady similarly distinguished is Mdme Wolter.

ST JAMES'S HALL.  
**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,**  
**TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.**

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in F major, Op. 77, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—Mme Norman-Néruda, M. L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti: Song, "Rose, softly blooming" (Spohr)—Miss Annie Marriott; Kreisleriana, Op. 16, for pianoforte alone (Schumann)—Mlle Janotha.

PART II.—Ballade, in G minor, Op. 42, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment (Franz Néruda)—Mme Norman-Néruda; Songs (Jensen)—Miss Annie Marriott; Trio, in C minor, Op. 66, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—Mlle Janotha, Mme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr ZEBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 4, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Divertimento, in D major, for two violins, viola, two horns, and violoncello (Mozart)—Mme Norman-Néruda, M. L. Ries, Hollander, Mann, Standen, and Piatti; New Song, "Hymn to God the Father" (Piatti)—Mr Santley; Carnival, Scènes Mignonnes, for pianoforte alone (Schumann)—Mlle Janotha; Sonata, in F major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Porpora)—Signor Piatti; Song, "Médjé" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Trio, in C major, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Haydn)—Mlle Janotha, Mme Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti. Accompanist—Mr ZEBINI.

DEATHS.

On Oct. 26th, at Cannstatt (Germany), MARIE MOLIQUE, widow of Bernhard Molique, aged 76.

On Oct. 28th, at Florence Cottage, Ramsgate, EDWARD L. GOETZ, of 66, Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park, aged 60.

On October 30th, at his residence, Roselea, Acton, after long suffering, ALFRED GEORGE CANTON, aged 67.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1882.

CARL ROSA'S COMPANY AT LEEDS.

The *Yorkshire Post* prefaces an article on the recent performance of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* at Leeds with the subjoined criticism by the late Henry Fothergill Chorley, written after a perusal of the score. (Chorley's "perusal of the score" was a great matter—as Berlioz afterwards knew to his disparagement):

"Herr Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer* was produced complete at Dresden; and there, in spite of direct royal patronage, in spite of a certain novelty of style, in spite of the acceptance of *Rienzi*, and the vogue brought to every theatre by fitting up a genius of its own, the opera, I am assured, failed on its representation. Such immediate failure we know to be no criterion of ultimate success, or intrinsic merit; but it seems to me explained since I have perused the music. A spinning song and chorus is to be remembered as pleasing; a wild sea-tune, too, as being audaciously broken in rhythm, and built on a phrase of the most desperate platitude; but the rest of the work produced on me merely an impression of grim violence and dreary vagueness, which, till then at least, had never been produced in such a fulness of ugliness by the music of a clever man."

"Thus wrote"—says the *Yorkshire Post*—"the late Henry F. Chorley, England's ablest critic in his lifetime."\* Upon this follows a disquisition upon Wagner's opera, in which the opinions of Chorley are weighed in the balance with those of the *Yorkshire Post*. Naturally (between you and me and the *Post*), the *Yorkshire* sheet comes from the ordeal triumphant (in its own opinion).

\* More than that—the ablest critic since Aristarchus, from whose spiritual joints sprang the *Aristarchi*.—Dr Blidge.

But that is neither here nor there.† After floundering in *æsthetics*, the *Post* finally lights upon dry earth, and thus proclaims its opinion of the performance. We quote in *extenso*:—

"The thought struck us while we were in the 'Grand' that Mr Carl Rosa intended to honour Leeds by playing all his 'trump cards,' for unless this had been the case the amount of enthusiasm shown would be really altogether unaccountable. That Mme Alwina Valleria is his *prima donna par excellence* there can be no question. We state this fact advisedly, and without the slightest intention to wound the feelings of the other artists in this the strongest company, we should imagine, he has ever taken through the provinces. To say that her Senta is remarkable for power and beauty would be doing her only the barest justice. It was more than this—it was a revelation for which we were not all prepared. Her impersonation of the loving, self-sacrificing maiden was one of the most sympathetic in our recollection. We need not tell our readers what her voice is like, as they know as well as we do that it is of the most charming and sympathetic quality. But Wagner is exacting, and requires more than this. An artist in his estimation must also be an *actress* in the truest sense of the word. That the lady proved herself such we have only to instance her grand efforts in the second act; but even these were not her greatest, for in the final catastrophe she certainly rose to the highest summit of the situation. The audience were of this opinion, for they applauded her to the echo. She is—and we sincerely hope will long remain—an ornament to the English-speaking lyric profession. Mr Ludwig is no stranger amongst us. One and all must have been gratified with his representation of the Dutchman, musicians particularly so. Last night he excelled himself. It is very doubtful whether a more weird, gloomy Vanderdecken has ever appeared on any stage. He is dignified and impressive, or he could not have held the audience spell-bound as he did last night. If at times he indulges a little too freely in the *tremolo* it is pardonable, especially in the character of the Hollander. Mr Ludwig's grand voice and correct intonation throughout the trying scene in the first act, and in the still more exacting duet with Senta in the second, were perhaps never more conspicuous than they were last evening. He had the warmest sympathy of one of the largest audiences ever yet assembled at the 'Grand.' Mr J. W. Turner enacted the part of the disappointed lover, Erik the Forester, in a manner deserving the warmest commendation, as did that much esteemed basso, Mr Henry Pope, the ungrateful task of Daland. We have never heard these gentlemen sing much better. That most promising of English tenors, Mr B. Davies—and we are convinced that our own men are at present the best on the lyric stage—was the Steersman, and both sang and acted remarkably well. Miss M. Walsh was Mary, and very well did she acquit herself. Mr John Pew—who has thoroughly mastered the intricacies of the elaborate 'score'—conducted, and to the honour of Leeds be it said—for we are all proud of him as a Leeds man—most admirably. We were not sure but that a great many mistakes might have occurred, and although the instrumental portion of the work may not have been entirely perfect, it was more than passable, which is saying a great deal in the case of Wagner's music. The scenic effects were simply superb, and the audience—at times somewhat too demonstrative—expressed their delight by vociferously recalling the artists before the curtain. Never has the 'Grand' presented such a magnificent appearance. Hundreds were disappointed in not gaining admission. To-night Gounod's *Faust* is on the bills, with Miss Georgina Burns as Margarita, and another crowded house is anticipated."

JOACHIM sent the girl-violinist, Teresa Tua, during her recent visit to Berlin, his photograph, with the inscription: "*À Mademoiselle Teresina Tua. Souvenir amical d'un admirateur sincère de son grand talent.*"—JOSEPH JOACHIM."

WE are happy to be able to state that the illness which has for the last nine weeks prevented Mme Rose Hersee from fulfilling her engagements as *prima donna* of the Royal English Opera Company appears likely to terminate ere long, and her medical advisers state that she may make her re-appearance in public on Saturday next, at Mr George Watt's Concert in the Dome, Brighton, when she will appear as Marguerite in Act III. of Gounod's *Faust*. The other characters will be impersonated by Mme Trebelli (Siebel), Mme De Vaney (Marta), Mr Vernon Rigby (*Faust*), and Mr Barrington Foote (Mefistofele). Conductor, Mr Sidney Naylor. Mme Rose Hersee will join the Royal English Opera Company at Leeds on the following Tuesday.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

† But elsewhere.—Dr Blidge.



## BRAHMS AND SARAH BERNHARDT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Being at Leipsic, I went, as a matter of course, to the last Gewandhaus concert. There was no third symphony by Brahms, as stated, but there was a third symphony by Raff—"Im Walde," well-known at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. Being now in Paris, I can also testify that Sarah Bernhardt is neither at Buenos Ayres nor Rio Janeiro. Only yesterday I saw the famous actress step out of her carriage to greet a friend.—Yours obediently,

Paris, Hotel de Bristol, Oct. 31.

J. R. M.

—o—  
PAUCA VERBA.

DEAR BEARD,—You have fallen among thieves. The ingenious (though hardly ingenious) R. J. K., of "Leipsic, Oct. 17," who introduces us to Wagner complaining of his own Walkyrie's Ride, should peruse the letters of Mendelssohn to the late Mr Bartholomew. There he will find that in speaking of the air "O rest in the Lord," Mendelssohn calls it "A song to which I always had an objection." What Philistine inference will R. J. K. draw from that? I hope he in his turn will have "a queer time of it." If he does, let him visit me on the Yorkshire coast, and I will prescribe a drastic remedy.

Oct. 28.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD, Bart.

—o—  
DEPARTURE OF ADELINA PATTI FOR AMERICA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Madame Patti left Liverpool for New York on Saturday, Oct. 21st, by the Cunard ship "Servia." A special tender conveyed the distinguished artist from the landing-stage to the vessel. Accompanying her were several personal friends, amongst whom Mr Josiah Pittman and Mr Edward Hall (of the Royal Italian Opera), Herr Ganz (of Herr Ganz's Concerts), and MM. Mortier and Johnson, both of the Paris *Figaro*. A heap of telegrams, letters, and messages, expressive of kind and warm wishes, was received by Madame Patti on the morning of her departure. These wishes will follow her and, assuredly, similar indications of respect and good feeling will accompany her return.

Liverpool, Oct. 30.

—o—  
ANNETTE ESSIPOFF.

After taking part in a concert at Chemnitz on the 3rd inst., M<sup>me</sup> Annette Essipoff was to start on a long tour in Germany and Russia. She will play in some fifteen German towns, and then proceed, by way of Lodz and Warsaw, to Moscow, where she is to receive 4,000 roubles for two concerts. Then, with appearances at intermediate places, she will play thrice in Bucharest.\* In the second half of January, she again visits Germany, and, subsequently, the principal towns of France, Spain, and Italy are to follow in due course. May she everywhere be triumphant!

BALFE'S ANTHEM.—The anthem, "Save me, O God," which excited so much interest and admiration when it was performed at Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the unveiling of the Balfe memorial tablet, has just been published by Messrs Novello & Co. It is admirably written and well arranged, and ought to find a place in the repertory of every one of those "choirs and places where they sing."

ELBING.—A performance of Handel's *Julius Maccabeus* was recently given under the direction of Odenwald, previously to his departure for Hamburg, where he is appointed professor of singing both at the Realschule of the Johanneum and the new Gelehrten-schule.

CARLSRUHE.—In the course of the winter the members of the Philharmonic Society will give performances of Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, Liszt's *Gran Festival Mass*, and, at Easter, in conjunction with other societies, J. S. Bach's *Matthäuspassion*.

\* Where she will meet (not for the first time, M<sup>me</sup> Jonnesen) one of our fairest and most talented pianists.—Dr Blügg.

## CONCERTS.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—Despite very unfavourable weather, a large audience attended the concert given last Saturday afternoon, when the programme contained some choice and favourite examples of music, both classical and modern. As regards the first named, it would almost suffice to mention Schubert's Quartet in A minor, by way of accounting for amateur enthusiasm. Mr Chappell's patrons are never tired of hearing this delightful work, especially when M<sup>me</sup> Norman-Néruda is its chief interpreter. There are some masters much more congenial than others to the accomplished lady violinist. Haydn is one of them; and decidedly Schubert is another. The tender grace of the Viennese composer, as shown in the A minor quartet, seems to excite all her sympathy, and evoke her fullest powers. Amateurs know this, and were prepared on Saturday for the exceptional pleasure to which they gave marked expression. How well M<sup>me</sup> Néruda was supported by MM. Ries, Holländer, and Piatti there is no need to say. Rubinstein's Sonata in D, for piano and violin, was the next important concerted piece, and again made an impression far deeper than does anything else from the same pen in Mr Chappell's repertory. It was admirably played by M<sup>me</sup> Néruda and M<sup>lle</sup> Janotha, each of whom further contributed a solo to the programme; that of the violinist being Corelli's Sonata in D, with pianoforte accompaniment. M<sup>me</sup> Néruda's choice could not have been happier. She endowed the old Roman master's strains with as much life as they had when no charge of antiquity could be brought against them; exhibiting at the same time a perfect mastery of her instrument, in combination with a grace of style approached by few, surpassed by none. The audience seemed beyond measure pleased, and with reason. On her part, M<sup>lle</sup> Janotha gave Beethoven's variations on a theme in C minor, playing them with her usual facility and power, and earning warm acknowledgments. The vocalist was Miss Cravino, a young lady gifted with a mezzo-soprano voice of much sweetness and evenness. She sang "Verdi prati" and Gounod's "There is a green hill" with taste and expression, and obtained the favourable verdict of her audience. M. Zerbinì accompanied, and also played the pianoforte part in Corelli's sonata. The programme of last Monday contained Mendelssohn's Quintet in B flat and Schumann's Trio in D minor, these respectively beginning and ending the concert, which had much of interest apart from them. M<sup>lle</sup> Janotha, for example, introduced Beethoven's Variations in C major, with which she associated a Nocturne by Heuschel, and a valse bearing her own name. Comparative trifles as these were compared with the great and serious works she often performs, M<sup>lle</sup> Janotha made with them a lively effect, and elicited, perhaps, more applause than would have followed her rendering of an abstruse sonata. A novelty followed in the form of a Hebrew melody, "Kol Nidrei," arranged for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment, by Herr Max Bruch. The performer was, of course, Signor Piatti, whose rare talent invested the piece, in itself unimportant, with all possible charm. Quite apart from the merit of the music, it becomes matter for congratulation when this consummate artist finds a work which suits him. Connoisseurs cannot hear his solos too often. Miss Marian Mackenzie was the vocalist, and distinguished herself in Handel's "Barbaro, o Traditor."—D. T.

POPULAR BALLAD CONCERTS.—A brilliant programme is announced for the concert to be given this evening by the Committee at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell. Miss Carlotta Elliot, M<sup>me</sup> Osborne Williams, and Mr Prenton are among the vocalists. M. Victor Buziau will play solos on the violin. The programme includes the ballads, "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Caller Herrin," and "Oh, Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me;" as well as the songs, "The Lost Chord," the "Toreador" song from *Carmen*, and Rossini's "Una voce poco fa." The prices of admission place the concert within the reach of all classes of music lovers.

THE London Literary and Artistic Institution held a conversazione on Tuesday evening in the banquetting room of St. James's Hall. The evening was devoted to music, under the direction of Herr Immanuel Liebich, the singers being Misses F. Bernani, Emily Dashwood, E. Ellice, and M<sup>me</sup> Hesketh; Signor Ria and Mr Frank Quatremayne. The instrumentalists were Misses Dinelli and Chaplin (violin), Herren Liebich and Bonawitz (pianoforte).

THE COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.—The Promenade Concerts of the present autumn—says the *St. James's Gazette*—seem to be arranged in acts like a drama, or in movements like a symphony. The first section came to an end a few weeks ago. The second terminated on Saturday night. The third, which began on Monday evening, will be carried on until Christmas; and there can be no reason why the concerts should not be still further prolonged, for it is understood that no pantomime will be produced this winter at Covent Garden. M<sup>lle</sup> Warnots, who has sung at the Covent Garden Concerts since the opening night, early in August, shows in

the selection of her music a taste worthy of her refined style as an executant; and her singing of the air from the *Pré aux Clercs*, with the *obligato* violin accompaniment as played by Mr. Carrodus, would be a noticeable feature at concerts of the very highest pretensions. Miss Florence Waud, too, among the numerous pianists whom Mr Crowe has introduced to the public, deserves special thanks for having presented, as she did on Friday night, the *largo* and *scherzo* of Liszt's "symphonic concerto." It is not more "symphonic" than any other work for a solo instrument and orchestra, but it has the intrinsic merit of being beautiful, and the incidental one of being, to English audiences, new; and the light and graceful *scherzo*—lightly and gracefully rendered as it was by Miss Waud, with perfect accent—cannot, once heard, be easily forgotten.

#### PROVINCIAL.

LEEDS.—It would be an insult to the memory of Balfe—says *The Yorkshire Post*—at this particular time, when his name is so prominently before the public, were we to omit noticing a performance of the *Bohemian Girl* (his *chef d'œuvre*) at the Grand Theatre last evening. Important alterations have been made in the cast since the Carl Rosa Company last visited Leeds. Mr B. Davies has replaced Mr J. W. Turner in the character of Thaddeus, and a new Florestine, in the person of Mr Wilfred Esmond, has succeeded the inimitable Mr Charles Lyall. In other respects, however, the parts are sustained by well-known members of the company, including Miss Georgina Burns as Arline, Miss Josephine Yorke as the Queen, and Messrs Leslie Crotty and Snazelle as Count Arnheim and Devilshoof respectively. We have not much to add to our former notices—which have always been of a laudatory character—of the manner in which this opera is performed by the Carl Rosa Company, unless it be to state that its high reputation is still maintained. We might perhaps take exception to the Florestine of Mr Wilfred Esmond, who sadly lacks the rich humour of Mr Lyall. His voice is superior to his predecessor's; but at present he does not appear to enter into the foppish character of the Count's nephew which for many years has been so splendidly portrayed by the elder lyric-comedian. All the familiar and beautiful airs with which the work abounds were received by a very large audience with the accustomed applause. Miss Burns was honoured with a re-call in "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," and Mr B. Davies was encored in "When other lips and other hearts," and "When the fair land of Poland." There was also the usual re-demand for the quartet, "From the valleys and hills;" but, singular to state, the most pathetic of all the songs in the opera, "The heart bow'd down"—although beautifully rendered by Mr Leslie Crotty—failed to arouse any enthusiasm.

LIVERPOOL.—The fifth annual distribution of prizes and honour certificates gained by the pupils in the Liverpool centre of the Trinity College of Music, London, took place on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 28th, in the hall of the Liverpool Institute, Mount Street. The Mayor (Mr J. Hughes), who was accompanied by the Mayoress, presided, and there was a large attendance of the parents and friends of the pupils. Mr J. J. Monk, the honorary local secretary, read the annual report, in which it was stated that there had been held four examinations in the Liverpool centre since the last report, viz., two in elementary musical knowledge and two in instrumental and vocal music. The Mayor said he had felt considerable diffidence in coming there to preside, because he thought that someone better acquainted with music would have filled the position with greater *éclat*; but, having been appealed to by Mr Monk, he felt that it was an educational movement deserving of great encouragement—for he knew of nothing which tended so much to elevate and refine as a thorough education in music—(hear, hear)—and he therefore came there with very great pleasure—(applause). His worship concluded an able speech by calling upon Mr Humphrey J. Stark (registrar of Trinity College), who gave an outline of the work which the college was attempting to do in the cause of musical education throughout the country; and, in conclusion, remarked that it was very difficult to say whether Trinity College would be advantaged or injured by the proposed Royal College of Music, because no one knew at present what was to be the scope of the proposed institution; but he might say that, so far as the authorities of Trinity College were concerned, they were perfectly prepared to work with it in the most harmonious way. (Applause.) If the effect of the proposed college was to be that every other existing institution—whether it was the Royal Academy of Music or Trinity College, or any institution already in existence—was to be exterminated, they might depend upon it that the establishment of the Royal College of Music in this country would be about the worst day's work the art of music had ever sustained. ("Hear, hear," and ap-

plause.) But he did not for a moment anticipate that such would be the result. He could not imagine that in a free country this could be possible. On the contrary, he was thankful that the Prince of Wales and his Royal brother had taken up the scheme and shown an interest in the art of music, and he was sure that nothing but good could result. (Applause.) Several songs having been sung by students, the Mayoress distributed the prizes. After which, on the motion of Mr Malcolm Guthrie, seconded by Major Stewart, thanks were voted to the Mayoress for distributing the prizes, and the Mayor having been thanked, on the motion of Mr Rensburg, seconded by Dr Johnson, for presiding, the proceedings terminated.

BIRMINGHAM.—The second of Mr S. S. Stratton's "Popular Concerts" was given at the Masonic Hall on Monday evening, Oct. 30. The concert began with the late Mr Charles Lucas' String Quartet in G major, followed by Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 31, No. 3) for pianoforte alone, played by Miss Hargreave so well that she was called back to the platform to be heartily applauded. Subsequently, Mr Abbot gave Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo" so effectively that he was also unanimously re-called. Mendelssohn's Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello was then capably played by Miss Hargreave, Messrs T. M. Abbott, and J. Owen, the concert terminating with Mozart's Quintet in D major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello. There was a large audience, so that Mr Stratton's endeavour to make the best music popular is likely to bring forth good fruit. The next concert is to take place on December 4th, when compositions by Beethoven, Schumann, Sterndale Bennett, and Ebenezer Prout, will be included in the programme.

MARGATE.—A most destructive fire broke out last Saturday morning by which the Assembly Rooms, Royal Hotel, and the whole south side of Cecil Square have been nearly destroyed. A fireman was seriously injured, but no lives were lost.

WREXHAM.—On Sunday, October 15, an organ, erected in St Mary's Church, Bersham, at the expense of T. L. Fitz-Hugh, Esq., by Messrs T. and H. Hewens, of Stratford-on-Avon, was opened by Mr Edwin Harriss. This was also the occasion of the harvest festival, the sermons being preached by Canon Hornby. The instrument is enclosed in a handsome oak case, and the front pipes present a very rich appearance. The following is the specification of the organ, built from the designs and specifications of Mr Edwin Harriss, who we congratulate on having a fine instrument worthy of his talents. Of Mr Harriss's playing it is needless to say much, for every one who has had the privilege of listening to his delightful performances agrees that he has earned for himself a reputation which places him amongst those of the foremost rank of organists:—

GREAT ORGAN—CC to G.—Open diapason 8 feet, 56 pipes; elarabella, 8, 56; stopped diapason, 8, 56; dulciana, 8, 56; principal, 4, 56; harmonic flute, 4, 56; fifteenth, 2, 56. Total, 392 pipes.

SWELL ORGAN—CC to G.—Open diapason, 8 feet, 56 pipes; principal, 4, 56; salicional, 8, 56; Voix céleste to tenor, 8, 44; Piccolo, 2, 56; mixture, 2 ranks, 112 pipes; hautboy, 8 feet, 56 pipes; lieblich gedact, 8, 56. Total, 488 pipes.

CHOIR ORGAN—CC to G.—Keraulophon, 8 feet, 56 pipes; gamba, 8, 56; spitz flute, 4, 56; cremona, 8, 44; stopped diapason, 8, 56. Total, 268 pipes.

PEDAL ORGAN—CCC to F.—Open diapason, 16 feet, 30 pipes; Bourdon, 16, 30. Total, 60 pipes.

COUPLERS.—Swell to great; swell to choir; swell to pedal; great to pedal; choir to pedal.

Four composition pedals to great organ acting also on pedal; three composition pedals to swell organ, one to throw on or off; great to pedal coupler.

The Bach Association, Hanover, recently gave a performance of Max Bruch's *Odyseus*, under the direction of Herr Grosscurth.

Mr Kuhe's "Brighton Festival," (so called), commences on Tuesday next, with Cowen's "Scandinavian" Symphony, followed by Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, each work to be conducted by the composer. *Elijah*, conducted by Mr Kuhe, is to be given on Thursday, and Gounod's *Redemption*, conducted by Mr Randegger on Saturday. The singers are to be Mme Albani, Miss Ella Lemmens, and Mme Trebelli; Messrs Lloyd, McGuckin, King, and Santley.

Miss Margaret Gyde (pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren) played Brahms' new Pianoforte Concerto at the Crystal Palace Friday concert, last week, when her success was acknowledged by hearty applause and a re-call. Miss Margaret Gyde (who has carried off all the highest honours at the Royal Academy of Music), it will be remembered, made her *début* in the spring at one of her master's Orchestral Concerts, when she gave, with marked effect Mr Walter Macfarren's *Concertstück* in E.

## CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 677.)

## IX.

We now come to the epoch of Cherubini's greatest theatrical success, such a success as he had never achieved with any of his previous works and such as he was never destined to achieve again. *Les deux Journées*, to which I allude, marked the apogee of his talent in this branch of art, and put the finishing stroke to the reputation he had conquered by so much labour. On this occasion he had for colleague Bouilly, the upright and virtuous Bouilly, the friend of Grétry, whose son-in-law he had become, the author of *Contes à ma fille*, *Pierre le Grand*, and *L'Abbé de l'Épée*, the wishy-washy and pompous author, whose pretentious and turgid style might serve as a model for all Prudhommes, past, present, and future. As a matter of course, Bouilly himself, in the Memoirs published by him under the title of *Mes Récapitulations*, gives a complete historical account of the birth and apparition of *Les deux Journées*, and I shall borrow from him a few interesting and little-known facts:

"Among the celebrated artists," he says, "whom I had the happiness of meeting at Joséphine's (the future Empress), I remarked Cherubini, who was united to Méhul by true friendship, which was never diminished, despite of all the little rivalries which nearly always spring up between two men of great talent pursuing the same career. Cherubini had just produced on our lyric stage the two fine scores of *Médée* and *Lodoïska*, in which the public admired at one and the same time richness of harmony, profound science, and dramatic expression. But these learned productions were set to books which did not offer what was required at that period, that is to say, sustained interest combined with new and pleasing situations, such as Sedaine had created; consequently, while applauding Cherubini's beautiful music, every one remained cold and did not experience the attraction exerted by the works of Marsollier and Dalayrac, of Dejaure and Berton, of Hoffmann and Méhul. The fact is that between these men, associated with each other in so many brilliant successes, there existed the sympathy of talent and experience; the author of the book enjoyed half the credit of the piece which obtained the favour of the public; lastly, the public demanded in a lyrical work that as much should be done by the author as by the composer; from a musical number possessing true expression they liked to pass to well conducted scenes, correct dialogue, interesting action, and, as old Sedaine said, 'To something satisfying simultaneously the ears and the heart.' Cherubini, who up to that time had never had a book in which he could introduce popular songs, applied to all the literary men for such a one, and I was happy enough to realize his wish. I had already produced at the Théâtre Feydeau *Léonore ou L'Amour conjugal*, with music by Gaveaux, whose natural melodies had assured our success, and under the auspices of the celebrated Mme Scio, then become the modern Saint-Hubert, by the beauty of her voice as well as by her warmth of soul and the dignity of her whole person. There shone near her at the same theatre a spirited and natural artist, who imparted to all his characters a stamp of truth, the charm of which was irresistible; this was the inimitable Juliet, who cultivated his art instinctively, and from the stoves of a restaurateur had taken his place on our lyric stage, where he rendered *Le Club des bonnes gens*, *L'Amour filial*, and especially *Les Visitandines*, so much the vogue. An act of admirable devotion on the part of a water-carrier for the benefit of a friend of mine, a magistrate, who was saved under the Terror as though by a miracle, inspired me with the idea of giving the people a lesson in humanity. In a very short time, then, I wrote my piece entitled *Les deux Journées*, and hastened to entrust it to Cherubini. He thought he saw in it something which might afford his rich and fertile imagination all the stimulus he required, and set to work uninterruptedly at composing one of the finest scores of modern times."

The reader may judge of Bouilly's dramatic writing by this specimen of his literary style. We will, however, with his assistance, continue the history of how *Les deux Journées* was born. Bouilly had just given at the Comédie-Française a work which, thanks to the subject—a very interesting one—had obtained a genuine success. It was entitled *L'Abbé de l'Épée*, and we shall see with what fears the way in which it had been received inspired the author of *Les deux Journées*:

"Meanwhile," he says, "Cherubini completed his score, and the management of the Théâtre Feydeau strained every nerve to hasten on its production. I could not help feeling anxious at their eagerness. 'A man,' I said to myself, 'has not two great successes in so

short a time; and I fear very much that the fate of my second work will tarnish the success of the first.' The actors laughed at my timidity; Juliet and Mme Scio reassured me by the admirable talent they displayed at rehearsals, and never left off predicting that my *Porteur d'eau*\* would make the round of France. We are easily induced to yield to what flatters our self-love, and I consented to my piece being played twenty-seven days after the production of *L'Abbé de l'Épée*. This great event in my dramatic career occupied uninterruptedly my imagination. 'Oh! if I could gather in one month a second crop of laurel!' I said to myself. 'My place among dramatic authors would be secured, and I should navigate in full sail on the frail vessel which I have embarked. . . . Vain illusion!' I added immediately afterwards, 'No, no! I dare not flatter myself I shall obtain so promptly a double crown.'"

All this is childish; still, after an interval of eighty years, it is not without interest for us. Let us, therefore, allow Bouilly to proceed and describe the incidents marking the first performance of *Les deux Journées*:

"At length the important day arrived destined to decide the fate of the *Two* which I was bold enough to bring out on the stage. I do not think I ever before experienced such fear as that which then seized on my whole being. I recollect that, on my reaching the theatre, Juliet, a man of instinct and truthfulness, said, when he saw my agitated face: 'When I have made you drink a glass of water from my cart, you will be all right again, take my word for it.' So the overture began and met with general approbation. The first act appeared full of matter, well planned and characterised by absorbing interest. Then came the finale, that admirable septet cited as a masterpiece of our modern school. Enthusiasm had reached its highest pitch. Scarcely had the curtain fallen at the end of this act, ere a large number of pupils of the Conservatory, climbing up over the orchestra, surrounded their master, who wanted to make me share the congratulations showered on him. . . . But all my attention was taken up by my water-cart; the whole fate of the piece depended on that; and on more than one occasion the public have been known to pass from the enthusiasm produced by a first act to great severity towards the others. I relied, with justice, on the irresistible spirit of my actor; everything had been regulated and measured in order that the scene of the water-cart containing an illustrious personage proscribed by law might produce all the effect we expected; but a mere nothing might destroy all our hopes; it was necessary that the interest and the comic element in the situation should hit the public at the minute, the second, indicated. The vigilance of a sentinel whose steps were counted had to be eluded. In a word, Count Armand had only a single instant for escape. . . . Everything concurred to render that instant decisive and favourable to the piece. Juliet, after misleading the public by drawing, with the natural free and easy manner of a good Auvergnat, two pails of real water from his cart, suddenly opened the fore part, and he whose head a price was fixed issued from it and made safely off; the delirious joy experienced by the worthy son of the people, the words especially which fell from him as he followed with his eye the proscribed fugitive: 'He is saved, yon man with the cloak! Never, no, never, wert thou so profitable to me before, my dear cart!' the actor's charming features, the vibrating accents of his agitated voice, and more especially the inexpressible effect of the orchestra, produced on the whole audience one of those outbursts of emotion which cannot be withstood and which are followed by lasting success. I felt certain of it from that moment, and, in my turn, pressing Cherubini in my arms, said, with the eager utterance of fear and deep emotion: 'Pardon me, great master! I trembled and should never have been consoled, had I compromised your fine talent.' 'Never,' he answered, returning my embrace, 'no, never, perhaps, shall I have a better occasion for developing it, and I owe you my grandest triumph.'"

We here see Bouilly, with thoroughly paternal complacency, expatiating on the book of his *Deux Journées*. Whatever may be the defects of a form now naive to childishness and now the acme of fustian, it is certain that a book so full of incident, and deficient neither in action or warmth, was not without interest, and that the feebleness of the *dénouement* was counterbalanced by instances of real excellence scattered here and there. Some critics of the time, and among them Sauvo, theatrical critic of the *Moniteur Universel*, were seized with a sort of enthusiasm for the book, which, however, could hardly be performed at the present day, unless re-touched in some important details and almost completely re-modelled, at least as regards the form of language

\* The title which the work was at first meant to bear, and under which it has always been performed in Germany.



employed.† Nevertheless, the public were moved by the interesting situations, and, with the help of Cherubini's music, as well as that of the clever acting, the new work achieved a genuine and irresistible success. The principal lines of the story are simple. The action is laid at the period of the Fronde, under the ministry of Mazarin. An important personage, Count Armand, President of the Parliament of Paris, opposes the Cardinal, and, in conjunction with two of his friends, Presidents Brossel and Novion, endeavours to prevent the registration of several edicts which they consider disastrous. This is quite sufficient to draw down on him the Cardinal's hatred, for Mazarin, as we know, entertained only moderate esteem for contradiction, especially when the latter was manifested by acts. Mazarin has, therefore, sworn to be revenged on the Count and put a price on his head. The Count is thus in danger of death, when an honest Water-Carrier, not without danger to himself, volunteers to save him, and succeeds in snatching him from the fatal doom in store for him. Such is the story of *Les Deux Journées*. It is tolerably varied, and in it the author has managed to intermingle, not without a certain skill, comic incidents with touching dramatic situations.

(To be continued.)

#### WAGNER AND GOUNOD.

However it may fare with politics and business, music is in perpetual session. London has been flooded with music since the early spring. At the end of the season it simply adjourns in a mass into the provinces. From external and public appearances it might be argued that there is no great difference between the musical past and present. Formerly the metropolis had its operas and concerts from Easter to August. As good music was performed for the delight of the subjects of George III. as for the pleasure of the subjects of Queen Victoria. To read the diary of Thomas Moore, it would be thought the English public two-thirds of a century ago was as musically enlightened as in these days. When society migrated into the country, Birmingham and the three cathedrals held their musical celebrations as now. These were as enthusiastically and almost as numerously attended. The difference is that music until within a very brief period was a monopoly. There was a musical public thoroughly and learnedly instructed. Outside was black pitch, ignorance, and insensibility. Dinners and balls were needed to allure popular audiences in the shires. In London the public did not pretend to understand or sympathize. A crowded house to listen to the compositions of Herr Wagner now implies an enormous multitude as curious and as intelligent waiting for its turn and share afterwards. The thousands who hung absorbed last Wednesday upon M. Gounod's setting of the mysteries of Christianity represented a hundredfold the numbers which have been training themselves by musical habituation and practice to appreciate its merits. Imposters may be detected in abundance, as at all times, and in reference to all subjects, who repeat common-places of musical criticism while perceiving much less of their meaning than the Cambridge pretenders to familiarity with thermodynamics denounced by Mr G. H. Darwin. Enthusiasm for music is often affected when none is felt. At present the hypocrisy is at all events the homage rendered by the few to the musical taste of the many rather than the reverse. It is a mere accident of place and opportunity where music plants its standard and summons its votaries. In June it may be at Her Majesty's Theatre, with dogmas imported direct from Bayreuth to discipline the audience. In August Birmingham may be the locality, and the composer of *Faust* the mark for adoration. When the holiday is over and the echoes of the applause resound from a different quarter, neither London nor Birmingham closes its music-books and its ears. The musical sensation of the moment, it is apparent, comes hither, not to awaken untaught instincts, but to be judged as well as crowned by a population of educated students.

Indiscriminating and unmethodical as in some respects the British musical public may be, a musical public exists in much the same sense as a literary public exists. There are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen for whom music has become a necessity. Commonly, when nature implants an appetite, or suffers it to grow, it develops in the

same situation sources for its indulgence and satisfaction. With an active popular English taste for poetry there would be sure to be a school of English poets, as there are schools of English historians and orators. A peculiarity of the English taste for music is that, being capable of gratification from without, it has not in these latter days insisted upon forcing into vitality a commensurate school of native composition. Music speaks in a voice which has to a certain extent escaped the doom of Babel. While rejoicing in their musical debts to Dr Sullivan, or Mr Cowen, or Mr Villiers Stanford, English audiences are as prepared to be charmed by the inspirations of M. Gounod as if they had been fasting from music for years. Music, and plenty of music, the English nation must have; and it is ready to import it from every market. Its old treasures it counts over without ceasing. It continually insists upon supplementing them by novelties wherever they are to be acquired. They may be of various degrees of merit and of various dissimilar powers of fascination. Whatever their rank, the English musical public has a throng of hungering ears to fill, and they must be filled. Birmingham reckons among its historic glories that, before the kingdom at large was alive to the existence of a national musical faculty and its claims, it sat at the feet of Mendelssohn, and gave his *Elijah* to the world of sweet sound. By a fair right it was entitled to enjoy the first fruits of a work designed to stir the same class of emotions, though by ways and on principles of its own. Birmingham is to be congratulated that it has associated its name with what, it may be trusted, is a real addition to the musical possessions of the age. Lovers of music in general are to be congratulated infinitely more. Frequenters of the Birmingham Festival must, in any event, have had their curiosity gratified. A failure for bystanders is not without its compensations. For the musical public a failure by M. Gounod would have been more than the loss of an anticipated prize. An oratorio by a composer of that rank is no musical bubble which can, if its colours do not please, be simply let burst. Learning like his and force of character like his condemn even failures to a kind of involuntary immortality. They are of a bulk which does not permit musical mariners to pass over them without recognizing where they lie blocking up the entrance of channels and harbours. The master might have missed his mark, as has happened to masters before him. The world of art would have been the poorer by the waste of years of genius on an ineffectual experiment. Worse still, it would have been encumbered by a work it could neither have accepted nor forgotten. Some graceful theme or airy melody would have perpetually been floating up from the dark depths to remind posterity of the sunk hulk with its perplexing possibility of buried riches.

While it is too soon to pronounce for certain that a composition of the ambition and scope of *The Redemption* is a positive augmentation of musical wealth, it has at least excited a desire in its hearers to examine and analyse it. What are its intrinsic and individual characteristics and powers of touching the heart cannot be fully determined as yet. Its general tendency and class in the musical hierarchy are more easily seen. M. Gounod and Herr Wagner have very little in common. Both, however, agree in expecting from music at once more and less than their great predecessors demanded. Music was disembodied formerly, Bach, and Handel, and Mozart, and Beethoven might be inspired by occurrences outside them; their lofty creations were reared on no other foundation than the builder's sense of harmony and melody? he obeyed and expressed his own mood; the material words and plot to which he happened to attach it were the merest afterthought. The music of the present, as of the future, whether it be dramatic or epic, aims at commenting upon themes formally and deliberately compelling or praying its assistance to illustrate them. It has consented to be a servant that it may help to guide and govern where before it claimed to be independent, abiding by its own laws and flowering in accordance with none beside them. The disciple of Herr Wagner has to see and read as well as hear. Hearers of M. Gounod are invited to come with minds attuned to particular emotions and ideas to which *The Redemption* will give a brighter meaning, a more gracious significance. Herr Wagner bids the world listen and learn to think and feel as he acts the minstrel before it. M. Gounod asks his admirers to bring hearts and minds charged with pious awe and he will surround them with the atmosphere in which they can most fitly breathe. Herr Wagner requires a surrender. M. Gounod desires to co-operate and accompany. Each exacts an attendance of thoughts and feelings beyond those in which music was content once to lap itself. Music has been brought down from the realm in which it dwelt apart to be the companion and minister of the dramatist and poet. It is to be hoped that what it loses by ceasing to be its own sole interpreter other fields of art may gain in which it agrees to serve as interpreter for them. But that for itself there is some diminution in freedom and spontaneity it would be difficult to deny.—*Times*.

† With respect to this, we may mention that M. Jules Barbier has undertaken the task of touching-up Bouilly's text when requisite, and has even transformed all the prose into verse. We may add that a superb soprano air (unpublished), composed for Mme Todd, and agreeing admirably with the fine dramatic pages of the work, has been introduced into the re-modelled *Deux Journées*. We know, also, that M. Carvalho intends reviving the opera thus completed.

## THE FEMININE IN MUSIC.

(From the "Musical Times.")

When noticing the production of Mrs Meadows White's cantata, *The Passions*, at Hereford, the correspondent of a daily contemporary touched upon an interesting question, which it may be worth while to discuss more fully. The writer clearly indicated an opinion that masculine genius has by no means exhausted the capacity of music, and never can do so, because what remains calls for feminine perception and expression. The assumption here is that, while music is the language of emotion, the emotion of woman is distinct, if not in degree, at least in character from that of man—that in the region of sentiment she perceives and feels things which elude him, or recognizes them in a peculiar light emanating from her own individuality. About this there is nothing that can be called purely speculative. All art work is personal to the worker, and, as no two artists see with the same eyes, the general result presents infinite points of difference. Sometimes those points are far asunder. Thus we have long been familiar with the classification which assigns to the music of certain composers a masculine character, and to that of others an approximation towards feminine traits. For this reason Porpora was called the "wife of Haydn," and Schubert is sometimes spoken of as a feminine Beethoven. Such phraseology, however, must be considered as figurative merely. Under no circumstances can the most womanish of men approximate save remotely to the individualism of the opposite sex, least of all within the domain of feeling. In this respect the man and the woman are as distinct as their physical organization makes them. There is no confounding the two. A recognition of the wide differences obtaining amongst men becomes, nevertheless, important to the present argument, because if such variations exist under conditions fundamentally the same, we may reasonably infer that much greater ones are discoverable on the other side of the gulf dividing the sexes. The curious thing is that, with regard to music, we neither know the extent nor the nature of those variations. Listen as we will, no sound crosses the gulf save faint echoes. Woman, as a creative musician, can hardly be said to exist.

This brings us face to face with one of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the psychology of art. In not a few vocations demanding the exercise of fancy, sentiment, and delicate expression, woman has gained the laurels due to successful creative effort. Mrs Hemans and Mrs Browning among poets; Angelica Kaufmann and Rosa Bonheur among painters; George Eliot, George Sand, and Charlotte Brontë among writers of fiction, to mention no others, hold a rank equal to that attained by all save the greatest men. Yet in the field of music these distinguished ladies can hardly be said to have colleagues. There woman does not originate, she only interprets or reproduces. The full extent of the truth of this appears, without the writer intending it, in a brochure entitled *Woman as a Musician*, the work of Mrs Fanny Raymond Ritter. So long as the American authoress deals with performers she has a right to pride in woman's achievements. She can speak of Catalani, Malibran, Devrient, Sontag, Patti, Lind, Nilsson, Néruda, Clara Schumann, Viardot-Garcia, and a host of others whose genius has shed lustre upon their sex and adorned their art. Beyond the range of executive work Mrs Ritter's position as the champion of musical woman becomes quite pathetic in its hopelessness. She is driven to all manner of assumptions and inferences, more or less unsupported, in order to obtain even a moderate show of facts upon which to base a conclusion. We are asked, for example, to accept as an impossibility that woman passed through certain periods in the development of civilization without giving voice to her emotions; while "as national and peasant folk-songs are traditionally said to have been nearly always composed by the persons who first sang them, and as women have always been their most zealous performers, it is only fair to suppose that they have also had something to do with their composition as well as with their poetry." Mrs Ritter continues in the same vein:—

"It would be unnatural to think that the beautiful lullabies and cradle-songs, of which hundreds exist in different languages and nationalities, were composed by martial barons, rough serving-men, or rougher peasants, and not by their wives or daughters. . . . And the melancholy life of the serf, watching her flocks on the green hills, or gathering wood for her hearth amid the implacable brambles,

and the lonely lady of the castle, spinning or embroidering her cunning tapestries while she waited, sometimes for years, the return of father, husband, brother, lover—and then the anxious women of the fisher people—did they indeed endure their sorrows voicelessly? I cannot believe it; I have no doubt but that many of those simple, touching, heart-breaking melodies and poems were of women's creation."

All this may be interesting speculation, but it is worthless in an inquiry after hard facts; nor has Mrs Ritter much more firm ground to go upon when she emerges from the region of inference into that of record. She tells of the half-mythical Saint Cecilia and of Miriam, the prophetess, on whose behalf we are dared to say that her song of triumph was *not* her own composition. After this, with a mighty leap, the enthusiastic advocate brings us down to Josephine Lang, Fanny Hensel, Virginia Gabriel, and Elise Polko—of Mrs Meadows White and Mrs Bartholomew she does not seem to know anything. Having heard all that can be said by Mrs Ritter, there is no need to discuss further the question of woman's musical barrenness. A few gifted members of the sex have been more or less fortunate in their emulation of men, and that is all. Not a single great work can be traced to a feminine pen.

(To be continued.)

## ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Gounod's *Redemption* was introduced to London amateurs on Wednesday night under circumstances of fitting dignity. The composer's powerful name, the impressiveness and all-absorbing interest of his theme, and the prominence lately given to discussion of his work had the remarkable effect of filling the Albert Hall to its last seat. There could be no more imposing spectacle of the kind than that vast interior as then seen, and no more striking proof of genuine curiosity excited by an artistic occasion. M. Gounod may well take pride both in the scene and in the testimony—accepting them as a unique tribute to his genius. The performance, given by the Albert Hall Choral Society, under Mr Barnby's direction, had been carefully prepared; rehearsals, sectional and general, following each other to the limits of reasonable precaution. Imperative under any circumstances, this course was an obligation in a special sense, because the public had once been promised M. Gounod himself in the conductor's place, and it was felt that all possible atonement was due for the unavoidable loss of that supreme advantage. Mr Barnby thoroughly met the exigencies of the case, and gave to his ten thousand auditors a performance almost, if not quite, as good as that for which the composer made himself responsible at Birmingham. If the effect was less striking, no blame attaches to the executants. Music, of whatever kind, and however given, is necessarily heard at a disadvantage in the Albert Hall. It reaches the ear much as objects seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass reach the eye, and there is ever a feeling that the theme and its exponents are, so to speak, in the next county. We missed on Wednesday night, therefore, the sympathy that contiguity stirs up between performers and hearers, and also the effect which a full band and chorus make when majestic sonority thrills every nerve to its utmost tension. For the rest, there was nothing to complain of. Though its outlines were fainter and its colours paler than at Birmingham, the oratorio was revealed in the measure of perfectness which saves a composer from misrepresentation and an audience from being misled. It is pleasant to say this after some recent experiences, and to recognize in Mr Barnby a conductor who, not for the first time, has asserted the continued presence amongst us of an artistic conscience.

Three of the vocalists who sang at Birmingham took part in the Albert Hall performance, namely, Mme Albani, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley. With these tried and experienced artists were associated Miss Santley, Mme Fassett, and Mr Pyatt, upon whom devolved the task discharged at Birmingham by Mme Marie Roze, Mme Patey, and Mr King respectively. The cast was, on the whole, a strong one, and made more so by the arrangement which gave to Mr Santley the part of the bass Narrator, and to Mr Lloyd that of the Penitent Thief. Details are hardly called for with regard to the three vocalists first named. It will at once be taken for granted that nothing was left to desire. The very beautiful manner in which the solo, "From thy love as a father," was sung by Mme Albani deserves, however, special mention. It so moved the audience that a regulation against applause—theretofore observed—was unanimously set aside. Mme Fassett delivered the contralto solos weakly; but the services of Miss Santley and Mr Pyatt called for acknowledgment, as carrying efficiency into quite subordinate work. The chorus—always a good one—did better than usual

with Gounod's music, and ran that at Birmingham very hard for supremacy in the more delicate and refined numbers. Objection might, perhaps, be raised to the singing of the chorale, "Forth the Royal banners go," as too measured and mechanical; but true dramatic expression was obvious in the mocking choruses of the priests and people, while the beautiful concerted music in the Third Part and the triumphal outburst, "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," were given in a style of which all concerned had a right to be proud. In short, the choral music was successful almost beyond precedent in the experience of London amateurs. Mr Barnby's orchestra proved worthy of his well-trained singers, playing the elaborate and delicately-tinted accompaniments with rare skill and effect. When we add that Mr Barnby conducted in his best manner there is nothing more to be said. As to the reception of the work by its multitudinous audience, we may assert, without misgiving, that it was sympathetic if not enthusiastic. The deep religious feeling of the oratorio as a whole, and the manifest beauty of many portions, made a deep impression. This was enough, since after so much the rest—that is to say, entire appreciation of a very remarkable and original artistic thing—will follow.—D. T.

#### —O— WAIFS.

The house at Malvern said to have been purchased by Mme Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is situated near Wynd's Point (at the foot of the Camp Hill, or Herefordshire Beacon), not, as was stated, at "Windsor" Point—no such point being within the range of the magnificent hills that separate Worcestershire from Herefordshire.—(A hint for Morris of the *Malvern News*.—Dr Bridge.)

The Teatro Español, Madrid, is lighted by electricity.

The old Société de Musique, Brussels, has been dissolved.

Galliera has written an opera, entitled *Le ultime Ore di Richelieu*. Mme Théo does not return from America to Paris till the Spring.

Manoury, the barytone, has been well received at the Théâtre des Arts, Rouen.

Anna Lankow is engaged as professor of singing at Scharwenka's Conservatory, Berlin.

A Choral Society, El Orfeon Mondoniense, has been established at Mondonedo, Spain.

Richard Wagner is said to be writing his Autobiography.—(Ominous?—Dr Bridge.)

The flautist, De Vroye, contemplates a tour this month and next in Holland and Germany.

Ambrose Thomas's *Hamlet* has been given in Mannheim as the first novelty of the season.

Peter Benoit will conduct a performance of some of his compositions at Angers this winter.

The Italian operatic season in Constantinople was opened with Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Dvorák's opera, *Der Bauer ein Schelm*, has been favourably received at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Mr Carl Rosa has returned from the continent, and will remain in London during the ensuing week.

Mdlle Novak, a pupil of Mme Marchesi's, has made her *début* at Florence as Norina in *Don Pasquale*.

Jehin-Prume is expected shortly to leave Canada for Paris, where he has been offered a musical appointment.

Gounod has declined having his oratorio, *The Redemption*, performed at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

The Temporary Theatre, a handsome wooden structure, Schwerin, was inaugurated with Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

Etelka Gerster was announced to sing yesterday and to-day in the Winter Garden of the Central Hotel, Berlin.

Sophie Menter, the Amazon-pianist, will shortly fulfil a series of engagements in Germany, Holland, and Belgium.

Joseph Kotek, the violinist, has gone to Moscow, to play in a concert of the Imperial Russian Society of Music.

Negotiations for an engagement at the Grand Opera, Paris, are pending between Mad. Sembrich and M. Vaucorbeil.

The number of new students this year at the Conservatory, Valencia, is 123 of the male and 171 of the female sex.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has been given at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna, with the success invariably attending its performance in Italy.

Bimboni has completed an opera, *Haidouk*, ordered by the management of the Theatre Royal, Bucharest, where it will be played next season.

Mr Luke, late of St John's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, is appointed organist and choirmaster of Weybridge Parish Church, Surrey.

Gustav Walter, Imperial Austrian Chamber-Singer, has announced a Schubert Cycle of four evenings at the Börsendorf Rooms, Vienna.

A tablet in memory of the Court-Organist, Johann Schneider, who died in 1864, is to be affixed to the house in Dresden where he was born.

Varett Stepanoff, the pianist, will revisit Germany this year and take part in concerts at Wiesbaden, Halle, Dresden, Grlitz, and other places.

The tenor Nouvelli, having returned from Buenos Ayres, will shortly sing at the Teatro Comunale, Bologna, and then at the San Carlo, Naples.

Lauterbach, the violinist, will shortly give concerts in Nuremberg and Stuttgart, and play, among other things, a new Violin Concerto by Ignaz Brüll.

Johann Strauss, who has no children, has made a will in which he bequeathes 250,000 florins (£25,000) for the foundation of a Musical Institute.

Mr Bradley is appointed organist to St George's Church, Edinburgh, Mr Carl Hamilton continuing to conduct the choir, which now numbers twenty-four voices.

The casting of the bronze statue of Goldoni, modelled by Del Zotto, and weighing 1,500 kilogrammes, has been successfully accomplished at the Arquati foundry, Venice.

The first concert of the Brussels Conservatory will take place in December, the programme being devoted to Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," and J. S. Bach *Weinachtsantona*.

A new ballad, *Roland's Horn*, for vocal soloists, male chorus, and orchestra, by F. W. Markull, will shortly be given at a concert of the Leipsic Arion Society, and in January at Dantzic.

François Arnouts, professor of the violin in the Conservatory, Port Louis, is dead. Born at Antwerp on the 16th May, 1857, he was still in 1876 a student at the Conservatory, Brussels.

A new Quartet Society, consisting of MM. Colyns, Jeno Hubay, Van Stynvoort, and Joseph Servais, has been formed in Brussels, and will give its first concert about the end of the month.

Angelo Neumann has been selected by the Senate as manager of the Stadttheater, Bremen. His *Nibelungen* Company, which lately visited that city, opened on the 21st ult., in Berlin, with *Rheingold*.

The King of the Belgians has conferred the Cross of the Order of Leopold on M. Ed. Elkan, chairman of the Nouvelle Société de Musique, Brussels, and organizer of the Musical Festival there last August.

After attending the first Philharmonic Concert, Berlin, Anton Rubinstein left for Leipsic in order to direct the performance of his *Maccabæer*, which was to take place to-day, the 4th inst., at the Stadttheater.

The Quartet Society of Milan have offered one prize of 1,000 francs and another of 500 for the best two instrumental Trios (piano, violin, and violoncello). Competitors can send in their works up to the end of March.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society (U.S.) has announced its intention of giving, under the direction of Theodor Thomas, selections from the third act of Wagner's *Parsifal*. (What has Brooklyn done?—Dr Bridge.)

On the 22nd October Franz Liszt kept his 72nd birthday at Weimar amid great rejoicings, congratulations, and festivities, musical and otherwise.—(The "great old man"! May his shadow spread.—Dr Bridge.)

Mr Walter Macfarren's brilliant overture to *King Henry V.* was capitally played at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts last week, the composer (who himself conducted) being re-called and warmly applauded at its conclusion.

Mozart's *Don Juan* has been performed at the Leipsic Stadttheater with a new version of the text by Grandaur, and a new stage arrangement by Wolzogen, the scenery being all painted expressly by Lütkemeyer, of Coburg. Mad. Prophaska, of the Theatre Royal, Dresden, was Donna Anna.

Miss Jessica O'Brien, the intelligent young vocalist, has been dangerously ill in Paris for the last seven weeks from a serious attack of the prevailing epidemic. She is now, we are happy to state, out of danger, and was able, on Saturday, to leave Paris for Dresden, for the purpose of resuming (with her sister Alice) her studies with Signor Lamperti, who has left Milan and taken up his residence in the Saxon capital.

Miss Dora Bright, a young pianist, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren at the Royal Academy of Music, made a very successful *début* at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden, last week, playing on that occasion Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, as well as some elegant compositions by her master. On her second appearance at the same *locale* Miss Dora Bright rendered, with marked effect, Mr Walter Macfarren's *Concertstück*, and some characteristic pieces by Chopin.



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